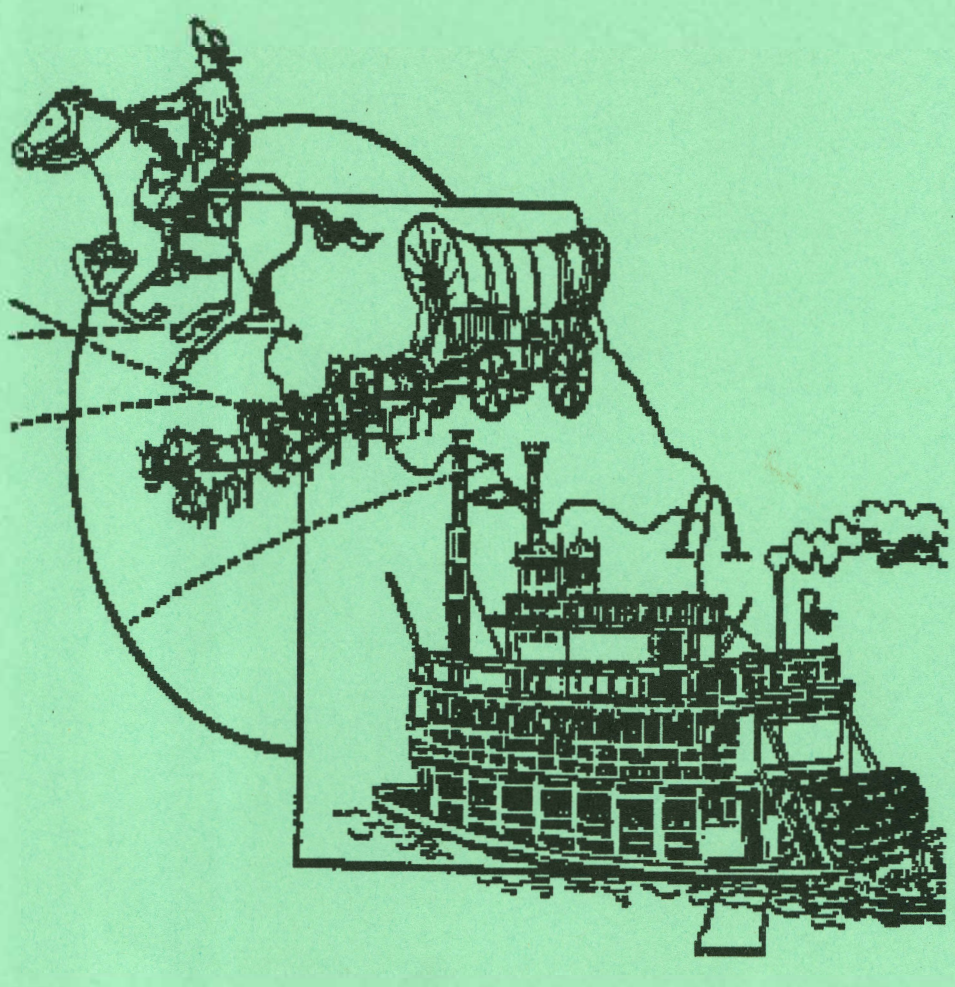

Toward The Setting Sun

2nd Series, Vol. 8, No. 1 Fall 2009

TOWARD THE SETTING SUN

The Historical Journal of the Missouri Conference

The United Methodist Church

Second Series

Volume 8, No.1 Fall 2009

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the Fall, 2009 edition of *Toward the Setting Sun.* I first started editing this journal back in the early 1980s, as a part of our two (as we were then) conferences plan for the observance of the Bi-centennial of the organization of American Methodism. For several years in the 90s, I did not edit the journal, because I was in Nashville, and it was hard to gather material from that distance. But this second series has been in existence now since 2000, and still going strong.

This edition contains two interesting stories. The first, which I compiled from various sources, is the account of the murders of seven Southern Methodist preachers during the War, simply because they were southern Methodists! The accounts themselves seem almost preposterous to us today, but they fit with the tenor of the times, and the way northerners treated southerners in occupied Missouri. This project began because of the reminder that, in a couple of years, we will mark the 150th anniversary of the outbreak of the War Between the States, and there was some feeling on the part of the Commission on Archives and History that we should also commemorate these particular deaths. Plans about how to do that are still very much in the beginning stage, but several interesting suggestions have been made.

The second article is written by the Chair of our Commission, Maryellen McVicker, is a fascinating story about the great Missouri artist, George Caleb Bingham, and his brush with the Methodist itineracy. I'm sure you'll be as surprised as I was to learn that he considered becoming an itinerant Methodist preacher. I've also been surprised to learn about his role with the Missouri State Guard during the war mentioned in the paragraph above. I think you'll find this article well worth your time.

Which brings me to another point. There are two ways you could help this journal become even better. One is to suggest topics for articles that you would like to see explored in these pages. The other is to write one of those articles. If you'd like to write, but don't have a topic in mind, I do have a "wish list," which I'd be happy to share with you. You can reach me for conversations about either possibility at jogooch@aol.com, or by calling 816-415-0480.

Finally, under the leadership of Rev. Nick Kindred, the Commission is developing its own blog. Keep watching for the definitive word on how to be a participant in this new venture.

John O. Gooch, PhD
Editor

SOUTHERN METHODIST MARTYRS

John O. Gooch

The Plan of Separation, adopted by the General Conference of 1844, provided that border states, such as Missouri, could choose to go either "north" or "south." The decision of the annual conference would be binding on all the churches in the state, with one exception. Where a charge disagreed with the action of the conference, and bordered on a state with which whose decision they agreed, they could align with that state. So, for example, several charges in southeast Missouri, centered around Cape Girardeau, remained in the M.E. Church, North, because they bordered a state (Illinois) whose conference voted to go with that branch of Methodism. For the most part, the plan led to at least outwardly peaceful relationships between the two major branches of American Methodism.

When the War Between the States began in 1861, it was old history for the western part of Missouri. "Jayhawkers" and "Bushwhackers" had fought each other for some 5 years before the rest of the nation entered a state of war. The Missouri Legislature was driven from Jefferson City by Federal troops, and the Union Army quickly took control of Missouri. The Battles of Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge assured Federal military dominance in the state. Guerilla warfare carried on by southern partisans, together with at least two invasions of Missouri by southern troops kept tensions at a high level. The church was not immune from those tensions or the actions that accompanied them. Southern Methodists were often looked on as traitors and Federal troops imposed restrictions on southern preachers. There are numerous accounts of southern preachers not being allowed to preach without a Union flag draped across the pulpit. Northern Methodists were aggressive in claiming southern church property and helping impose strict codes of behavior on their southern brothers.

In this context we find the martyrdoms of seven southern Methodist preachers, who were killed simply because they were southern Methodists. Their stories make up the bulk of this article.

Green Woods

Green Woods was born in Bellevue, MO., February 27, 1814 and grew up on a farm near Caledonia. We know nothing about his early life, or about his conversion and relationship to the church until 1836. In that year, he was received on trial in the Missouri Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Robert Roberts appointed him as junior preacher on the Farmington Circuit, under the supervision of George Smith.

In 1837 he was reappointed to Farmington by Bishop Joshua Soule, this time with Alvin Baird as senior preacher.

The following year his name does not appear nor does it reappear until 1853. So for some 15 years he did not itinerate, but we know nothing else about this period. Did he locate? Serve as a local pastor? All we know for certain is that, while he was not under appointment, the Methodist Episcopal Church divided into two bodies, North and South. When Woods came back to itineracy, it was to the St. Louis Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Bishop James O. Andrew appointed him to Cape Girardeau and Jackson.

In 1854 he was appointed to the Ste. Genevieve Circuit. The Conference of 1855, held at Springfield, received him into full connection and he was returned to Ste. Genevieve.

William Leftwich[1] says that Woods was well received everywhere and always known for his good works. Leftwich's account paints Woods as a good man, but no one except the angels could live up to the fulsome praise (in delightful purple prose) that Leftwich bestows on him. Leftwich is an important source for what happened to Southern Methodist clergy and churches during the War Between the States, but he tends to be overly fulsome in his praise of those whom he calls martyrs. One of Woods' classmates in the Conference said of him that he was the last person who would meddle in politics or make himself offensive to any one.

At the beginning of the war, Woods was Presiding Elder on the Greenville District, St. Louis Conference. The wartime climate in Missouri was such that the state was disturbed, so much so that Woods gave up his work on the district, and contented himself with preaching near his home in Dent county, where he had a little farm.

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[1] Leftwich was the author of a two-volume history of persecutions of Southern Methodist preachers entitled Martyrdom in Missouri. His accounts, on which this article relies heavily, are known for their "purple" prose and southern bias, but they are nonetheless a primary source for the war years.

The following account of Woods' murder was written by his daughter and preserved by Leftwich.

> In the spring of 1862 the excitement in the country became so intense that my father could no longer travel his district, so he thought he would stay at home and try to make enough to support his family on his farm. As the people in the neighborhood desired him to preach to them, he made an appointment to preach, about three miles from home, the second Sunday in May. He filled this appointment, and announced another at the same place for the second Sunday in June. Before that time arrived he was advised by some of his friends not to go to his appointment, as they believed that he would be taken prisoner, and perhaps killed, that day by the soldiers if he attempted to preach. But he told them that he would go and preach, and if the soldiers wished to arrest him they could do so; that if necessary he could go to jail. He said that he did not believe that they would kill him, as he had not done anything to be killed for.
>
> A man by the name of Silas Hamby, a member of the Methodist Church, North, had said some time before that no Southern Methodist preacher should preach at Mount Pleasant again. But my father thought it was an idle threat, as he had heard of no preacher being killed because he was a preacher.
>
> When Sunday morning came, father and my sister, younger than myself, went to Mount Pleasant, and he preached to a small congregation – the people being afraid to turn out on account of the soldiers – and returned home the same evening unmolested. The next morning he took my sister – just thirteen – and two little boys he had hired, and went out to a field one mile from home to finish planting corn. While they were at work the mother of the boys came by the field on her way to our house. She saw that they were nearly done, so she thought she would wait until they finished and come along with them. By this means there was one grown person present to witness his arrest. I think it was about the middle of the forenoon of that Monday, June 9, 1862, when sixteen men, armed and uniformed as Federal soldiers, came to our house and surrounded it. They inquired for father. Mother told them that he was not at home, but out in the field (father told her if they came and called for him, to tell them where he was). They made a general search, and then huddled up out in the yard and held a council a few minutes. Five of them were sent to the field, and while they were gone those at the house were stealing everything they could get their hands on that belonged to father, leaving very few things behind.
>
> When the five soldiers got to the field father was not quite done planting. They rode up and asked if his name was Green Woods; he told them it was. They told him that he was the man they were after, and ordered him to alight over the fence. He asked them if they would not wait until he could finish planting, as he had then but a few short rows: but they told

him, with an oath, that they were in a hurry, and kept hurrying him while he was getting his horse ready to start. When they started from the field my sister asked them what they intended to do with father. They told her, with an oath, that it was uncertain where he would get to before he came back. They brought him to the house and allowed him to eat his dinner. But when he went to dress himself, he could not find a change of clothes, as the soldiers had taken all that he had, and would not even give him his pants and hat. They took him about three miles from home, to a man's house by the name of Jones, and pretended to get evidence against him. (This was north-west from where we live.) They then took him about three miles from home, to where a man lived named Peter Skiles, who kept a blacksmith's shop. They stopped and staid there awhile, and searched the house, as Skiles was a Southern man. They then took father about half a mile and killed him, and left him lying out in the woods away from the road – no one knew where except those who placed him there. Two guns were heard after the soldiers left Skiles'.

This was done on Monday, and his body was not found until the next Monday. We did not know that he was killed until his body was found. When found he was lying on his back with his overcoat spread on the ground under him; one arm was stretched out one way, and the other stretched out the other way, his hat drawn down over his face, his coat and vest and left glove lying on the ground near him, his right glove on, his left shirt sleeve torn off, and his left hand off and gone. He seemed to have been dragged some two or three hundred yards before he was shot, as there was but little blood along the trail, and was found as above described near a large tree and among some low bushes.

The letter is signed by Mrs. Woods and by Josephine and Mary Louisa, the daughters of Green Woods.

Mrs. Woods provided some additional details. She reports that the soldiers asked him, while he was eating, if he did not think he should have taken the oath. This was the oath of allegiance to the Federal government that all citizens were required to take. Mr. Woods replied that he thought it would not have given him any protection to do so, since just the day before the soldiers were taking the property and breaking the guns of those who had taken the oath. Her statement also included the following:

A man by the name of Dennis was the pilot, and is said helped do the shooting. A man named Wells was in the company. We can not give the first names of either of these men now, but have the promise of them.

A young man named Bill Fudge, the son of North Methodists who were once members of the Southern Methodist Church, and another named Harrison Ratliff, it is said, helped commit the murder.

> To the question, "What evidence have you that Ing, the North Methodist presiding elder, sent the men to commit the murder?" the following reply as furnished: "All the evidence we have that Ing sent the men is, that he was their commander at the time; and it has been told, by those who said they saw it, that father's hand was carried to Ing as proof that they had killed him, and that he still had it in his possession a year or two ago."

Another account was published in the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* in June of 1866. It does not give a great deal of additional information, and the information it does give is clearly biased. The following excerpt is typical:

> And, at the time he was torn from his weeping wife and little ones, he was at home plowing in his field, when suddenly he was surrounded by men wearing the uniform of soldiers, and hailing from Kansas – regular 'Jayhawkers'. How many broken-hearted wives and mothers, and destitute orphan children, throughout Missouri will have cause to remember these cruel "Kansas Jayhawkers!'

We can learn a great deal about feelings in the Southern Methodist Church, and among Southern sympathizers in Missouri generally, from this brief account. Note, first, that the Federal soldiers who were purported to have killed Woods are later identified as "Jayhawkers". There was no love lost between Missourians and Kansans during the war. Indeed, the war really began, not at Fort Sumter in 1861, but along the Missouri-Kansas border as early as 1856. There is clear evidence that Jayhawker regiments in the Union Army were responsible for atrocities against southern sympathizers, but the details are beyond the scope of this article. Note, second, that the widow accused a Mr. Ing, a presiding elder of the Northern Methodist church, of being the instigator of the murder. There was no love lost between northern and southern Methodists in the state, either. Southwest Missouri had a population of northern Methodists who had refused to abide by the Plan of Separation and "go south" along with the rest of the conference. One can be sure that this refusal did not ease strong feelings between the two groups!

George L. Sexton

George Sexton was another native Missourian, born July 10, 1839. He began preaching in 1856, at the age of seventeen and was soon regarded as one of the up-and-coming "boy preachers" of the conference.

When the war broke out, Sexton was the pastor of the Memphis Circuit, Missouri Conference, M.E. Church, South. Leftwich says "the fact that he was a Southern Methodist preacher was sufficient to secure the attention and the threats of the super-loyalists of that portion of the State."

Sexton was harassed and threatened by enough persons that he thought it would be best for him to leave Scotland County and try to find a safe haven elsewhere. His first attempt at safety was in Boone County, where he supplied the Sturgeon Circuit. But he was also threatened here. "In fact," Leftwich says, "there was no part of the State of Missouri where a Southern Methodist preacher could feel safe during the whole war, unless it was in St. Louis." Leftwich goes on to give a detailed account of Sexton's travails:

> In June, 1862, while on his way to Bishop's School House to fill an appointment, he was arrested by a company of 'Merrill's Horse,' as they were called, commanded by Capt. Stewart, taken to Columbia, and put in prison. Every effort made by his father and others to obtain his release was met by insult. Both Merrill and his officers heaped upon Mr. Sexton every indignity that wicked men could invent. The fact that he was a Southern Methodist preacher was enough in their prejudice and malice to send him to Alton Military Prison for the war. After remaining in prison for some time he, with others, made his escape and went South, well knowing that he could not remain here in safety.
>
> While in the South, away from home, without employment or means, he accepted a chaplaincy in the army for a time. This, however, he soon resigned, and after an absence of eighteen months started home to see his wife and little ones. But before reaching home he was arrested and sent to Alton, Ill., where he remained for several months in that loathsome pest house.

The Federal prison in Alton apparently earned the appellation of "loathsome pest house." Conditions there seem to have been horrible, much on the order of the Confederate prison at Andersonville. The humane treatment of prisoners of war was not a characteristic of the American scene during the War Between the States. In many cases, being sent to one of these prisons was tantamount to a death sentence. (It is no wonder that so many southern officers and soldiers accepted the offer to serve in the Union Army on the western frontier – it seemed to be the only way to survive!)

Leftwich continues:

> His health was very poor, and his physical constitution was fast giving way under the treatment at that noted military prison. Friends interested themselves in his behalf, and he was finally released and permitted to reach his home. He remained at home with his family several months, trying to 'follow peace with all men' and prosecute, in a quiet humble way, his mission of mercy to dying men, avoiding every thing that would seem officious or that would be offensive to the most uncompromising partisan; yet he met only insult, indignity and denunciation, accompanied by such treats as to lead him to feel that his life was in imminent peril all the time. Believing that he could not remain at home or in Missouri in safety, he again started South. His purpose was to gain a place of personal safety, and not to take up arms against the government. The idea of fighting his fellow-men was so repulsive to his feelings and views of the character and work of a minister of the Gospel that he sought only personal safety and religious liberty. While traveling with a friend, and near the Arkansas line, both unarmed and unconscious of danger, they were discovered and shot down by a squad of Federal soldiers. His friend was instantly killed, and Mr. Sexton was severely, perhaps mortally, wounded. The ball took effect in the shoulder. The citizens removed him to a house nearby and kindly cared for him, dressing his wound and ministering to his wants. But another squad of Federal soldiers found him, ascertained that he was a Southern Methodist preacher, and, though informed that he could not possibly live, took him away and *he was never heard of afterward.* Where they carried him, nobody knows. When, where, and how he died, and where he was buried – if at all – are known only to the perpetrators of the horrible deed and to the All-seeing Eye. One comforting message comes to the sorrowing parents and grief-stricken widow, like 'good news from a far country,' from the family to whose house he was carried after he was shot. They say he conversed freely while there, and frequently said that he was not afraid to die – that all was well.

John L. Wood

John L. Wood was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky in 1820 and emigrated to Missouri in 1830 with his father. The family settled in Sullivan County. Wood joined the M.E. Church, South, as an adult and was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Milan Circuit in 1856. He was not ordained, nor did he become a part of the itinerant, or traveling, ministry. But he served faithfully as a local pastor for 8 years.

Leftwich says:

> At Unionville, the county seat of Putnam County, MO., March 21, 1864, he was cruelly and wantonly murdered – shot down like a dog in the streets – by a squad of soldiers belonging to the 18th Reg. Mo. Vols., who were home on furlough. He was a total stranger to his

> murderers and they were total strangers to him. He was pointed out to them as a Southern Methodist preacher by a citizen whose name, as reported, was G. W. Dickson. He was shot in the back with a revolver while all unconscious of any murderous intent. The cowardly assassin did not so much as warn him of his fate. The ball passed through his body and lodged just under the skin, and was extracted by Dr. Proctor, of Unionville. He lingered in great pain about fifteen hours and then expired while a prayer for his murderers still lingered upon his lips. In humble imitation of his Master he prayed, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The use of Scripture in daily life and prayer seemed to come naturally to these pioneers of the faith. That is because they spent so much time in the Scripture and made it a key part of their daily reading.

Another witness, S. S. Hardin, said in a letter to Leftwich that his murderers found an old wooden box that had been used as a watering trough for a coffin. They buried Wood next to a bushwhacker who had been killed there earlier. Wood's home was only 20 miles away, in Sullivan county, but his wife could not get to Unionville before he was buried. His coffin was dug up, taken home, and re-buried in the family grave-yard in Sullivan county.

Edwin Robinson

We know as much or more about Robinson's death than any other Southern Methodist preacher, and the several accounts agree in the main, but vary in details. There are even differences of the actual name of the preacher, though this may be traced to the freedom with which words were spelled. The differences are not surprising, since they were written down years after Robinson's death and memories are not always reliable. None of the differences are critical, but point up that eyewitnesses, and those who record their stories, often differ in what really happened.

Robinson was received on trial in the Missouri Conference of the M.E. Church in 1837. His first appointment was junior preacher on the Greenville Circuit, Boonville District. Moses B. Evans was the senior preacher and Jesse Green was the Presiding Elder. Robinson could not have asked for better examples of ministry to follow.

In 1852, Robinson was made Presiding Elder of the Richmond District, now in the Missouri Conference of the M.E. Church, South. He was elected a delegate to General Conference once, and was always honored in the Church.

When the war broke out, like all Southern preachers, he was circumspect and cautious about being involved in promoting the southern cause and his caution and life kept him safe until the fall of 1864. At that time he was living about two miles south of Fayette, in Howard County, and traveling the Fayette Circuit. The situation in Howard County was tense that fall, and Robinson decided to move to a place that might be safer. He had formerly lived in Chillicothe, and his wife had relatives in Grundy County, north of Chillicothe. So he decided to move his family to one of those two areas.

His goal was to go to north Missouri and provide a home for his family, then send for them to join him. His wife wanted him to go to Renick and take the North Missouri Railroad, since she thought that would be safer than traveling through the country. But, for some reason, Robinson decided not to do that. Instead he set off on horseback, accompanied by a free black man who lived in Chillicothe and had a wife at Robinson's. (*Editor's Note:* Does this mean that the wife living at Robinson's was a slave?) He apparently believed that traveling in company with a free black would provide some margin of safety. This, however, would prove to be a false hope.

The two stopped in Old Chariton, (this was about two miles from Glasgow) in front of Moore's Hotel, and were talking with some locals, when a squad of federal soldiers under the command of a Captain Merrideth, rode up. He asked who Robinson was and what he did. "My name is Robinson and I am a Methodist preacher." Further inquiry revealed that he was a Southern Methodist preacher. Then the captain said, according to Leftwich, "That, sir, is enough to damn you, and to the soldiers he said, "Blow his damned brains out."

One account says that Robinson was shot immediately. Some ladies, who were watching out the window of the hotel, said that Robinson and his companion were told to ride on. Then Capt. Merrideth called the black man back and asked him about Robinson. He was told that Robinson had a son who was a bushwhacker. It was then that either the captain, or his men, shot Robinson. The ladies could not agree on who actually fired the shot, but Captain Merrideth was in command and bore the responsibility. Another account says that Merrideth fired four shots into Robinson's head and chest right in front of the hotel. All the accounts agree that Merrideth and his troops rode away, giving orders that Robinson's body was not to be moved, and that anyone who did so faced the same fate. The accounts mirror the attitude of Federal

soldiers toward Southern sympathizers. This feeling was general, though particularly strong among the Kansas regiments who called themselves "Jayhawker Regiments," and were a part of the Union Army. We turn now to the details given by Leftwich.

> The ladies, true to the instincts of a finer and purer nature, and the warmer sympathies and loftier courage of humanity, notwithstanding the general terror and panic of the citizens, went out and pulled rails from the fence and made a rude pen around the dead man to prevent the hogs from profaning his body, and then sent a message to Mrs. Thomson, of Glasgow, informing her of the facts. This good lady caused a two-horse wagon to be prepared, and with several other "elect ladies," attended by two gentlemen, went out the following morning, which was the Sabbath, and brought his body into the city. His wife was summoned to look upon and follow to the grave the mangled remains of her beloved companion. Such was the reign of terror that the citizens of Glasgow were afraid to receive the body of the departed minister of God into their houses. His body was placed in the Christian Church, and the next day, Monday, followed to the town of Fayette by the disconsolate widow and a few silent mourners and deposited in the cemetery. His son was afterward killed some distance from Fayette, and by his widowed mother and little sister brought in and interred beside the martyred father.

Another source, cited by Leftwich, reports that members of the militia, that is, the Union Home Guard, visited the body while it lay in the Christian church in Glasgow. One was heard to have said, "he was a good man. I have heard him preach a hundred times. But others would say, "Come, let's go; it is only a dead rebel. I wish all were in the same fix." The two comments, both in content and (probably) in tone, serve to show how deeply and bitterly divided Missourians were by the war. There is, by the way, no evidence that Robinson himself was an active "rebel," though his son was apparently a Confederate guerilla.

Robinson left a widow and two children – a daughter aged 13 and a son eleven. His crops had not been harvested and she could not find anyone to help her harvest them. The neighbors were so afraid of Union vengeance that they would not even harvest the crop or chop firewood, not even for pay. The weather turned bitter cold and the widow and her children had to go out into the fields and harvest the corn in the snow, and then chop their own firewood. Only a few women were willing to help them. Mother and daughter had their hands severely frostbitten, and were nearly disabled.

Mrs. Robinson had no source of income, except two or three head of cattle, which she sold and used the proceeds to get to her mother's home in Grundy County the following spring.

Thomas Glanville

Mr. Glanville is the only person on our lists of martyrs who was not a native citizen of the United States. He was born in England in 1811 and came to America in 1827, when he was 16 years old. Shortly after coming to America, he was converted. After a lengthy and painful struggle, he finally yielded to the conviction that he was called to preach. He soon joined the St. Louis Conference, M.E. Church, South, and traveled for several years. Then his wife died and left him with three children. He married again and then located. He was active in business and as a local preacher.

In the fall of 1852, he attended a Methodist camp meeting with his family. Leftwich's account says that his three children were at the altar as pentitents. As he watched them, and prayed for them, Glanville made a vow that, if his children experienced salvation at this meeting, he would rejoin the conference and again itinerate. His children did accept salvation and Glanville did rejoin the conference and served faith-fully until his death.

When the war broke out, Southern Methodists in southwest Missouri were left, for the most part, without pastoral leadership. Southwest Missouri had been a dissenting force in the 1844 vote of the Missouri Conference to "go south" and was one of the few areas in the state where northern Methodists had some strength before the Union army took over Missouri. Glanville organized the southern local preachers to go out "two and two" and hold meetings in the destitute neighborhoods. After the preaching had gone on for a while, they were ordered by a militia Captain to stop preaching. Glanville was unhappy about the order, but he obeyed it for about a year.

Then, in February, 1863, a meeting was held in one of those destitute neighborhoods, and Glanville attended. According to Leftwich, Glanville had a "fire...shut up in his bones," and he was determined to preach. To the end of observing the rules laid down by the militia, he and a friend visited the Captain in command of that area and requested permission to assume his duties as a minister. To his delight

(and no doubt surprise) he received written permission, and promptly preached the next night. His ministry continued through the spring and summer.

In July or August (Leftwich admits he is writing from memory in Glanville's case and had no written documents to which to refer) three men called on him one night and ordered him to leave the country on pain of death. A few days later, Glanville told a friend that he would like to live to see peace restored to the country, and then added, "Those fellows may kill me, but I think not. Of one thing I am certain, they can't harm me; death has no terrors for me, and has not had for fifteen years." Nevertheless, he left home for a month or so, yielding to the pleas of his friends. But then he returned, and published an appointment for preaching. A few hours before time for the service, two militiamen told him that he would not be allowed to hold the service. So Glanville stayed at home that Sunday.

In spite of his obedience to the command, which violated the written permission Glanville had received, allowing him to preach, he was killed that night. A revolver was shot through the window, and the ball hit Glanville in the face. To make sure of him, the murderer opened the window and shot him in the chest. Then he went round to the front, forced the door and three men entered, and shot Glanville again. They then ordered the family to leave quickly and threatened to burn the house. "They rode the two miles to the residence of Bro. Glanville's eldest son...a man of fine mind and respectable literary attainments, with a meek and quiet spirit, and a member of the M.E. Church, South. They called him up, and all, unconscious of his father's fate and his own danger, he made a light. No sooner was the light made then a ball passed through his window, entered his head and he fell lifeless on the hearth. Thus perished father and son in one night." (The quotation marks are in Leftwich, so he must have had some document in spite of his disclaimer that he was writing from memory.)

Thomas Johnson

Of all the Southern Methodist preachers whose deaths are chronicled in this article, Johnson seems to be the one against who the Union bureaucracy might have had a case. More on that below.

Johnson was born in Virginia in July of 1802. He came to Missouri at a young age and entered the Methodist ministry in 1826. His first appointment was Mount Prairie,

Arkansas (then part of the Missouri Conference). In 1828 Johnson was received into full connection in the conference and appointed to Fishing River (near Liberty). In 1830 he was appointed to the Indian Mission and was its superintendent until 1841, when he resigned for health reasons. Medical treatment and rest restored him, and he was reappointed to the manual-labor school in 1847. He served there until the school was discontinued in 1862. Johnson represented the Indian Mission Conference (organized and authorized by the General Conference of 1844) at three General Conferences.

In addition to his labors for the church, Johnson was also active in politics. In 1853 he was elected, by Indian votes, a delegate to the U.S. Congress, from the territorial government planned for the Territory of Kansas/Nebraska. This territory was never organized, so he was not received in Congress, although he did go to Washington. One suspects that he was active in conversation with southern congressmen while he was in Washington. The Kansas-Nebraska Act, with its concept of territorial sovereignty on the question of slavery, led to political strife in Kansas, as both northern and southern sympathizers poured into the territory, working to make the new state either free or slave, depending on their particular interests.

In March 1855 Johnson was elected to the Kansas Territorial Council on the proslavery ticket and was active in attempting to make Kansas a slave state.

There seems to be general agreement that Johnson was opposed to secession by the South, on the one hand, and abolitionist fanaticism in the North, on the other. He considered both to be dangerous for the sake of the country.

When the war broke out he was living on his farm in Jackson county, some two miles southwest of Westport. This was about three miles from the Kansas line, and five miles from the old Shawnee Mission. He was not molested during the first two years of the war, although the Union army required him to furnish food, horses, wagons, and other provisions. Still, he never felt quite secure. The notorious Order # 11 had devastated counties to the south, there was always danger from Jayhawker militia, and a great deal of property had been destroyed and people murdered. Who could feel totally secure in such a situation?

At Christmas-time in 1864, Johnson was warned that he had enemies who wanted to destroy him, but no clue as to who they were, or why they wanted to kill him.

On January 1, 1865, he was visited by a squad of militia, who wanted to warm themselves at his fire. It was nearly night when they arrived, and they stayed until nearly eleven o'clock, all the time civil and pleasant. When they had gone, Johnson led family worship, and the family went to bed. At midnight, he was aroused by the sound of horses, the clash of sabers, and the voices of men. He got up and went to the window. Peering out, he saw about 30 mounted men. First, they asked the way to Kansas City, then asked if they could come in and warm. He told them his fire was banked and his family in bed. Then they wanted water, so he told them where the cistern was. By now, several of the men had dismounted and walked up on the porch. Johnson was in the front hall, with the door opened just a crack, so he could talk to the men. When they came up on the porch, he began to afraid and shut the door. The soldiers tried to force the door open. Just as Johnson was turning the key in the lock, they fired through the door, one bullet hitting Johnson near his heart. He died in a few minutes without ever saying a word. His murderers still demanded entrance, tried to break down the door, and finally set the house on fire. Mrs. Johnson put the fire out as the soldiers rode away.

There is disagreement on who Johnson's murderers were. Leftwich says no one ever knew for certain who they were, though it is clear that he, personally, thinks they were Union militia. A history of Kansas says he was killed by southern guerillas, not because of his political views, but for $1,000 which he was supposed to have. This seems doubtful in view of the fact that they never broke into the house in search of the money, and the fact that southern guerillas in Missouri did not rob southern sympathizers, but protected them. The web site for the Shawnee Mission Historic Site suggests that the murderers were believed to be Southern guerillas who were angry because Johnson spoke out against secession and swore an oath of allegiance to the Union at the beginning of the war. At this date, there seems little hope of ever resolving the question of who murdered Thomas Johnson. However, there is reason to believe that the motive was, at least, not

because he was a Southern Methodist preacher.

Samuel S. Headlee

The end of the war did not end the strong feelings held by the partisans of both sides. In fact, the author is well aware that there are still areas of strong feeling in more

than one part of the state, and that persons who, for instance, consider slavery to be an evil still resent the Union army and particularly the Kansas regiments for the way they rode rough-shod over innocent civilians, including women and children, during the war. Many men who served in the Confederate military were, in the years following the war, murdered by vigilantes or sometimes by Federal troops, simply because of their military service. Nor were the murders confined to former soldiers. Samuel S. Headlee was a victim of the same strong feelings on the part of northern vigilantes.

Headlee was born in Tennessee, but came to Missouri with his parents while still a young child. He was received on trial in the St. Louis Conference of the M.E.Church, South, in 1852. and appointed to the Rich Woods Circuit. At the time of his death, he was Presiding Elder of the Springfield District. We turn to the account of his murder as found in Leftwich.

> The killing was done in Webster county, near what has been called Pleasant View Church, a house of worship legally and morally belonging to the denomination of which Mr. Headlee was a minister. As Presiding Elder of the Springfield District this church was in his bounds and regularly under his care.
>
> Thither he had gone to hold a quarterly meeting and reorganize the Church, which had been greatly scattered, torn, and distressed by the public troubles of the country.
>
> The appointment of the meeting had been publicly announced and generally circulated for some time previous. At the appointed time Mr. Headlee arrived at the church punctually and was met by an armed band of some twenty or more men. There men were led, or seemed to be led, by one Henderson McNabb, a man who at the beginning of the late war was a member, and once a steward, of the M.E. Church, South, but who sometime during the war changed his Church relations by attaching himself to the M.E. Church, North, and, for aught I know or have ever heard, is still a member of that Church. This man acted as spokesman for the armed company, and told Mr. Headlee that he could not and should not preach in that church, and threatened him with violence if he attempted it. Mr. Headlee, expostulated, and asked by what authority they threatened him and forbade his preaching to the people then and there assembled at their *own house?* McNabb, waving his hand to the armed band, replied, "There is my authority." The parties being well known to each other, Mr. Headlee proposed a friendly discussion, and stated that he knew he was preaching without having subscribed to the oath required by the new Constitution, but that he was ready and willing to answer to the law for that, and that he expected to answer. In reply he

was told that they cared nothing about the law, but intended to stop his preaching there.

Finding all persuasions vain, and being abused and cursed the more mile he was, Mr. Headlee at length proposed to go to a grove about three-fourths of a mile distant, which grove was on his own land, and there preach, provided they would not interrupt him. To this they agreed. He and a number of the people then prepared to go. As he was going to his horse some of the band placed the muzzles of their guns against him, pushing him forward, all the time using foul and abusive language. His only remark was, "Let me alone; I can walk without help."

He and his company having gone about half a mile toward the designated grove, four of the armed band came galloping up. One rode up to Mr. Headlee's side and began abusing him and asking some impertinent questions. Mr. Headlee replied, "If you talk to me as a gentleman, I will talk with you." At this the man drew a revolver and fired three shots. The first entered Mr. Headlee's right side and passed through the lungs; the second passed through the lapel of his coat, on the right side, and the third struck him on the hip, making only a flesh wound. The assassin and his accomplices then galloped back a short distance to McNabb's house, where the rest of the band were waiting.

After having been shot he rode some fifty yards, to a shade, alighted from his horse, took off his gloves, put them in his pocket, and calmly remarked, "Friends, I am a dead man." And turning his face toward his murderers, who were still in sight, added: "Those bad men have killed me! Lord have mercy on them! Lord save them!"

As we saw earlier in the case of Edwin Robinson, the men who accompanied Headlee were frightened, sure they would be shot next. The women of the group, however, rallied around Headlee and tried to make him as easy as possible. Because of the nature of the wound, and the pain, Headlee was kept in a sitting position. Later, the men got a chair, put him in it, and carried him to the house of his sister, about a half mile away. He died there at ten that night.

It is clear that Headlee's murderers were not part of the Union army or of a militia group, but a mob. McNabb's leadership of the mob suggests that this was an intra-Methodist quarrel. Northern Methodists around Springfield had long been angry because one of their clergy, George Bewley, had been hanged in Texas during the war, because he was trying to start a slave insurrection. This anger may have been part of their motivation. It may also have been an argument about property that got out of hand. McNabb apparently was willing to have Headlee preach out of doors, but not in

the church itself. So the action may have been an attempt to seize the church property for the M.E. Church, North. In any event, Headlee was clearly murdered because of his church affiliation and loyalty.

Closing Thoughts

These seven Southern Methodist preachers were all murdered either during or immediately after the war. In five instances, it seems clear that Federal troops, most probably militia rather than regulars (though that is not certain) were the ones who fired the fatal shot or shots. In one case, that of Thomas Johnson, there is uncertainty as to who actually committed the murder, with accounts disagreeing depending on the bias of the writers. The seventh case, that of Samuel Headlee, clearly seems to have been an intra-Methodist dispute, probably over church property, and the killing was done by a mob, rather than the military. Taken all together, seven deaths do not seem like many in the light of the hundreds of thousands of casualties on both sides in America's bloodiest war. But they are important in terms of what they signify.

ARTIST, MINISTER, LAWYER: WHAT TO BECOME?

Maryellen H. McVicker

Say the name George Caleb Bingham and immediately images of westward expansion, Jacksonian democracy, and the role of the mighty Missouri and Mississippi Rivers come to mind. Bingham is one of the foremost painters in American Art History, but his story and his final determination to become at artists first had to overcome the temptation to become a Methodist preacher. Plus, there is more to the story as the Bingham family unknowingly played into the beginnings of Central Methodist University in Fayette, Missouri.

Bingham's story begins in Virginia where he was born on March 20, 1811, in Augusta County on the family plantation which contained 1180 acres on South River. He was the son of Henry Vest Bingham and Mary Amend Bingham. Henry's parents, George and Louisa Vest Bingham, had moved to Virginia at the close of the Revolutionary War from New England. Grandpa Bingham according to grandson George Caleb Bingham was:

> what is termed a local Methodist preacher and as such ministered to a congregation in a meeting-house erected for their accommodation upon his plantation...I remember him well as a tall and white-haired old gentleman, overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He had three sons and four daughters who reached the age of maturity. My father, Henry V. Bingham, was the oldest son and the oldest child. (1)

Grandpa Bingham was so impressed by Virginia and its greatest citizen, George Washington, that he adopted Washington as his middle name and became known as Reverend George Washington Bingham.

Meanwhile, Matthias Amend and his wife (maiden name of Bushon) from Pennsylvania moved to Virginia and established a mill to grind grain into flour and meal. The wife died soon after the birth and death of their second child, a son, leaving Matthias with a daughter, Mary, to rear alone. The nearest school was 6 miles from their house and so the young Mary stayed with kinsmen near the school and went home every weekend where she then taught her father all her lessons from the week and he acquired an educa-tion as well as the child. In his autobiography George Caleb Bingham said: "Thus father and child were educated together, the child obtained a good English education and the father learning to read and write and to cast up accounts." (2) A mill was more than a place of business in the early 19th century. It was a gathering place

where news and gossip flowed as rapidly as the flour ground out beneath the heavy stones. Farmers often paid for the grinding with part of the meal so much of the time they hauled twice the amount of grain to the mill than they would actually take home, as the miller received 50% of the grind. This meant bringing heavy loads and oxen were better for such loads than horses, but they were also much slower. A horse would average about 20-30 miles per day pulling a load while oxen averaged 10 miles. Once at the mill, farmers had to wait their turn, so a trip to the mill often times took days or a week and families used it as a mini-vacation as they camped and relaxed until their turn. As a result, mill owners and their families were acquainted with far more people than the average plantation owner living in isolation.(3)

In 1807 a summer drought gripped this area of Virginia and the streams of water which fed the water wheels dried up. Grain could not be ground into flour or cornmeal so Reverend George Washington Bingham sent Henry Vest Bingham over the mountains to the Amend mill to have grain ground. As George Caleb Bingham was later to write, "While there he became acquainted, as a matter of course, with my mother, Mary Amend, fell in love with her, and in due time offered himself in marriage and was accepted." (4) The couple married probably on September 8, 1808. George Caleb Bingham continued in his memoirs: "As my mother, Mary, was the only treasure which my Grandfather Amend valued, in giving her away, he also surrendered to my father his entire earthly possessions, stipulating only that he should have a home with his daughter during the period of his natural life." (5) Henry moved into the Amend Mill and married life began. Eventually the couple produced seven children of which George Caleb Bingham was their second child and second son: Matthias Amend Bingham, George Caleb Bingham, Elizabeth Bingham (who died young), Isaac Newton Bingham, Henry Vest Bingham, Junior, Frances Louisa Bingham who also died young, and Amanda Bingham Barnes. Amanda was born after the family moved to Missouri. The others were born in Virginia. (6)

Unfortunately, when Matthias Amend gave his new son-in-law his property, he did not take into account Henry's trusting outlook. Henry pledged the Amend land and mill as surety for a friend's debt and the friend died inn 1818. All was lost as a result. Under the circumstances, moving West and starting over seemed like the best option. Henry Vest Bingham made an exploratory trip west to central Missouri with the intent

of bringing the entire family there. Henry kept a diary and as he traveled westward he con-cluded that the Boonslick area of Missouri was where the family should settle and that the family should build and operate an inn. He experienced enough miserable sleeping accommodations in his trip to realize there was money to be made by hardworking people in the travel industry. Upon his arrival back in Virginia, Henry announced the move too Missouri and by July 1819 the family, including Grandfather Amend and seven slaves, was in Franklin in the Boonslick area in the central part of the state. (7)

The region was named for the Boone family who operated a salt lick (now a state park) about 12 miles northwest of Franklin in Howard County. Howard County was one of the five original counties in Missouri. (The others were Cape Girardeau, St. Genevieve, St. Louis, and New Madrid. St. Charles County quickly became the sixth. Howard County covered much of present-day Missouri north of the Missouri River and even small areas south of the river. Eventually 39 counties were formed out of Howard County. Franklin was the county seat as well as the land office in 1819 when the Bingham family arrived. The town bustled with activity due to its location on the north bank of the Missouri River in the flat flood plain. This proved to be the undoing of the town as, in 1825, a huge flood washed away most of it. But that was in the future and in 1819 the Bingham family built and opened an inn called *The Square and Compass.* Soon Henry Bingham purchased 160 acres of land across the Missouri river in adjacent Saline County near present day Arrow Rock with the intent of growing tobacco for a cigar factory they began in Franklin. Grandpa Matthias Amend moved to the farm to supervise it.

Franklin had about 120 single story log houses, several framed dwellings of two stories, and two of brick, 13 shops, 4 taverns, 2 blacksmiths, 2 large team-mills a post office and a weekly newspaper. In October 1819 the local paper reported 217 wagons, 4 wheeled carriages and 55 two-wheeled carriages and carts passed through the eastern Missouri town of St. Charles headed for Franklin in the Boonslick along a road called the Boonslick Trail. The paper estimated that these vehicles carried approximately 12,000 people. A library committee was formed in 1819 and a public library opened in 1822 (8). From Franklin in 1821 William Becknell traveled to Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory and returned with Spanish silver and jackasses to begin what is now the Santa

Fe Trail. The famous Christopher (Kit) Carson was growing up and then rebelling in the community until he ran away and headed west. The first steamboat docked in Franklin in 1819. The modern world was coming quickly to this western out post. Henry Bingham saw the opportunity for financial profit. The Bingham family prospered in this environment and in 1821 Henry Bingham was elected the first judge of Howard County as presently configured. He became a circuit judge in 1822. In 1823 Henry's brother and wife, John and Mary Harshbarger (nicknamed Polly) Bingham, moved to Arrow Rock from Virginia, so more and more of the family was coming west.

In the summer of 1820 Chester Harding came to St. Louis to paint a portrait of the aged Daniel Boone. Harding thought that if he could convince Boone to allow him to paint the picture, it would make his reputation, as Boone was the most famous person alive on the frontier. In the world of slow communication, Harding did not write ahead and ask Boone if this were possible. Instead he just showed up at the Boone homestead west of St. Louis. Family members said Boone was gone on a hunting trip and if he wanted to wait around until Daniel Boone returned he could, but Boone might be gone for months. So Harding decided to take a steamboat to Franklin and see if he could find the old gentleman. As luck would have it, Boone was in the Boonslick at Franklin and Harding was granted permission to paint his portrait (the only one ever done of Daniel Boone from life). The work was done at the inn owned by the Bingham family and 9 year old George Caleb watched in wonder as Harding applied paint and brush to canvas. Bingham was hooked!

Then tragedy struck. In 1822 Matthias Amend went fishing along the banks of the Missouri River near Arrow Rock. Unknown to him, spring flooding had undermined the bank and it collapsed under his weight throwing him into the river where he drowned. The Saline County farm suffered without his supervision and the tobacco crop was ruined due to drought. There was no tobacco to sell and no need for a cigar factory. Ironically, the farm which Matthias Amend supervised is the very farm which recently was the center of controversy over odors and smells when a large hog farm confinement facility was proposed for this location with impact on the National Register village of Arrow Rock. Although plans for the farm were eventually shelved, the effect is still being felt

throughout the state. (9) Then on December 26, 1823 Judge Henry Vest Bingham died at the age of 38. Some sources report that he died of malaria, but it was cold and past mosquito season for this disease. Whatever the cause of death, he was gone and the family was bankrupt. George was 12 years old. Specifics are not recorded. The cigar factory partner may have defrauded the family. The country was in the midst of a huge economic depression. The inn and tobacco factory were sold immediately to pay off debts. The judge salary was now gone with the death of Judge Henry. There were no widow pensions. Only the farm at Arrow Rock was left. Less than three weeks after Henry was buried, his estate was sold, including horses, cows, hogs, household items such as feather beds, tobacco screws, and cooking utensils. Mary Amend Bingham and her seven children, ranging in age from 14 to 3, were destitute.

With her talent and the hard work of the children and slaves, Mary kept the family together. Her father had given her the skills she needed when he saw to it that she received a superior education for her time. She opened a school for girls in Franklin. Schools were run on private subscriptions and were held in homes where a room could be spared for the purpose. This school is said to be the first female seminary west of the Mississippi River (cannot be proven to be true at this point). Mrs. Bingham also boarded students who came to study from a distance, as she had done in her own girlhood. Fortunately, the family had brought west with them a small library and these books had not been sold in the estate sale mentioned above. (10) Plus, Mary was able to teach her sons as well. She hired a woman named Mattie Woods to teach art and George quickly became her prized pupil. The school was welcomed by the town for Franklin liked to boast of its progress. All this ended with the disastrous flood in 1825 when most of the town tumbled into the river.

By 1827 it was obvious that more help was required. No matter how hard Mary, the children and the slaves worked, the family financial problems could not be solved. The dead Henry Vest Bingham had been a member of the local Masonic Union Lodge No. 7 and Mary Amend Bingham was forced to ask them for financial assistance. It was quickly given and the money used to pay off the farm at Arrow Rock where Mary moved with her family. Plus she was now close to brother and sister-in-law, John and Polly Bingham. (11) On the farm was a log church where Mary began another school. Mary taught both boys and girls at the Arrow Rock school. Court records show she was

paid $8 for 6 month's tuition for William and Margaret Lawless, minor heirs of Bradford Lawless. Students could also board with the family if desired. Although Mary Amend Bingham did not realize it, her short-lived school in Franklin proved to be a stimulus. Franklin residents whose daughters had attended the school of Mary Amend Bingham moved north to Fayette following the demise of Franklin. They incorporated Fayette Academy in 1826 and included the promise of free education for orphans and deserving children in its charter. In 1832 the trustees of this academy bought land in the center of town where Brannock Hall now sits in Central Methodist University and constructed a school. In 1835 Howard College bought out the Fayette Academy and eventually the property became the campus of Central Methodist University, a long way physically and intellectually from the living room of Mary Amend Bingham in Fayette. (12)

Meanwhile, 16-year old George was having problems of his own. Determined to hel in every possible way, George was working in the fields and helping to make hay, with all the attendant allergy problems. It became quickly obvious to his mother that he was not going to be able to farm. Hay fever and allergies would not allow this, so another route would need to be followed. Enter the Methodists. Reverend Jesse Green was a cabinetmaker, as well as a Methodist minister in Arrow Rock. Mary concluded that George could learn a trade which would continue to be in demand as the population increased, plus his paternal grandfather back in Virginia had been a Methodist preacher. Churches were not well established in the West, and so most preachers were circuit riders. That meant they rode from place to place, often under conditions of great danger, and preached wherever they could. In 1819 a Methodist preacher might earn $16 to $20 per year, which was equivalent to the wages of a hired farm hand. Sometimes parishioners paid the circuit rider in food so most circuit riders had to support themselves with another job on the side. Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians competed to form congregations in Missouri with the addition of a Campbellite (Disciples of Christ, Christian) in a few years. Jesse Green was no exception to this rule. According to oral tradition in the Bingham family, Uncle John Bingham heartily supported this idea as he considered anybody who sketched and was involved in intellectual pursuits a disgrace to the family. (13) No doubt George rode the circuit with Reverend Jesse Green, although records of that no longer exist.

Within a year, Greene concluded that he had taught the young George Caleb Bingham everything he knew and that Bingham should transfer downstream to Boonville, Missouri, to work with the Methodist circuit rider Justinian Williams, who was likewise a cabinetmaker on the side. So in 1828 Bingham left the family and moved to Boonville where he studied and worked with Williams. Reverend Justinian Williams was the brother of the Boonville mayor. The men were from Bath County, Virginia, and Justinian arrived in Missouri via Kentucky as was typical. In 1818 Justinian Williams had been instrumental in starting a permanent Methodist Church in Boonville and served as the pastor. John Scripps had held the first actual Methodist services a year earlier in a private home in the community, but Williams was the guiding force in the formation of the congregation. Williams not only made cabinets on the side, he also painted signs and this may be the main reason Bingham was sent to study with him. (14) Williams built the first section of the Ballantine Hotel in Boonville and his family ran it. Today the building is listed on the National Register of Historic Places and may (or may not) be the only building remaining from the earliest days of the Santa Fe Trail outside of Santa Fe. (15) There are so many similarities in this world of Bingham's youth with families engaged in the same business. Soon Reverend Justinian Williams was taking the teenaged Bingham with him riding the circuit and to camp meetings.

Camp meetings were typically held in the summer between planting crops and fall harvest when from families had a respite from work and could devote time and attention to religion. Attempts were made to hold camp meetings when the moon was full to make it easier to get around. This also created a romantic setting. Many a young lady packed her prettiest dress along with her Bible and hymnal. Marriages often took place as both the romance and the preacher were handy and the birth rate was said to rise 9 months later. (16) Preaching went on all afternoon and evening. Sobs and tears rocked those who repented; the grand finale was the baptizing of those who had now been saved.

Soon young George Caleb Bingham was preaching on the circuit. Years later a friend named C.B. Rollins said: "I have heard him (George Caleb Bingham – ed.) tell the story that on one occasion after he had finished the sermon one of his auditors came forward and tendered him a silver dollar, saying his sermon was well worth the money." (17) Bingham also dabbled in reading law as he thought about his future and what he

wanted to do with his life. No matter how hard he tried to run, art won out. The joy that he found in making pictures was more than the joy he found in saving souls. At the age of 19 George Caleb Bingham started for St. Louis to make his fortune as an artist.

Unfortunately, George contracted either old fashioned measles or smallpox along the way and was deathly ill for several weeks. Eventually his mother was contacted and she managed to come and take him home from the abandoned cabin in which he was staying, as no one would let him come near them. George recovered, but the high fever caused his hair to come out and he was bald the rest of his life. Having his full share of vanity, he quickly purchased a wig. He would even loan the wig out to other men who were bald when he painted their portraits. Several of those portraits show men with the same ill-fitting hair. Mary Amend Bingham nursed George back to health. Tragedy again struck the family in 1831. Isaac Newton Bingham, George's brother, drowned in the Blackwater River at the age of 17. Now Mary had lost both a father and a son to water. (18)

George decided that painting was his life's work and that he was going to be good at it. He never looked back. His career choice was made to the loss of the Methodist Church, but people who are passionate about George Caleb Bingham remind readers that most of his life he was a devout member of the BAPTIST church. How could this be? What happened? The answer is simple. Her name was Sarah Elizabeth Hutchinson.

Twenty-three year old George Caleb Bingham fell passionately in love with fifteen year old Sarah Elizabeth Hutchinson about 1834. George had known the Hutchinson family since coming to Missouri. They had also lived at Franklin. Elizabeth's father, Nathaniel Hutchinson, belonged to the same Masonic Union Lodge #7 as George's father, Henry Vest Bingham. Given the 8 year difference in age between the two, it is doubtful that they had played together as children, but they certainly could say they had known each other forever. The only problem was that the entire Hutchinson family was BAPTIST! Any impediment to the marriage was quickly resolved and the couple married in Boonville in April 1836. They were married for 12 years before Elizabeth died of tuberculosis at the young age of 29. The couple had 5 children (Isaac Newton Bingham for George's drowned brother, Nathaniel Hutchinson Bingham who died soon after birth, Horace Bingham, Clara Flournoy Bingham King,

and Joseph Hutchinson Bingham). Only Clara lived to maturity. Bingham's mother, Mary Amend Bingham, reared the surviving children after Elizabeth died until her own death in 1851 at the age of 64. Both Elizabeth and Mary are buried in the family plot at Arrow Rock, Missouri. It is not known where the children were buried. They are not listed in the cemetery records at Arrow Rock.

Bingham continued to paint throughout his entire life. He was also involved in politics, a topic which is beyond the scope of this article. During the Civil War, he sided with the Union and served as Adjutant General for the State of Missouri. He was the first professor of art at the University of Missouri in Columbia. After the death of Sarah Elizabeth Hutchinson, George married Eliza K. Thomas, the daughter of a Baptist minister who was a professor at Stephens College in Columbia, which was begun by the Baptist Church. She was also a devout Baptist like his first wife. They had one son, James Rollins Bingham, who never married. After Eliza died, Bingham married Martha Livingston (Mattie) Lykins. She was a Unitarian, a second cousin of Confederate General Stonewall Jackson, and the widow of an early Kansas City mayor, Dr. Johnston Lykins. Plus, she was a Southern sympathizer who founded an orphanage in Kansas City for children of Confederate soldiers. The couple was married about a year when Bingham died on July 7, 1879 from the so-called "cholera morbus," which is today call gastro-enteritis. He was 68 years old in a world where the average life expectancy was 47. Mattie buried him by her first husband, and is herself buried between the men in Jackson County, Missouri. His paintings and portraits remain to speak of a United States of long ago when Missouri was the edge of the frontier and anything seemed possible. Given the legacy of his artistic work, probably it is well that art won instead of the Methodists.

ENDNOTES

(1) Rusk, Fern Helen, *George Caleb Bingham: The Missouri Artist.* Jefferson City, MO.: Hugh Stephens Co., 1917, p. 9
(2) Ibid., p. 8
(3) Constant, Alberta Wilson, *Paintbox on the Frontier.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1974, p. 2
(4) Bloch, Maurice, *George Caleb Bingham, the Evolution of an Artist.* Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1967, Volume 1, p. 11
(5) Ibid., p. 11

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(7) Meyer, Duane, *The Heritage of Missouri – a History.* St. Louis, Mo.: State Publishing, Inc., 1973, p. 151
(8) Bloch, Volume 1, p.12
(9) Interview with Katy Borgman, Executive Director of the Friends of Historic Arrow Rock, by author on August 4, 2009
(10)Shapiro, et al., p. 19
(11) Constant, p. 38
(12) National Register of Historic Places Nomination Form for Central Methodist University done by Maryellen Harshbarger McVicker in 1980. On file with National Register.
(13) Shapiro, et al., p. 20
(14) McVicker, Maryellen Harshbarger, Together We Celebrate Our Heritage. Boonville, MO: Mid-Missouri Printing, 1984, p. 6
(15) National Register Nomination of Ballantine House in Boonville. On file at The office of Friends of Historic Boonville
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